

The Knotting Song [ðv 'nat.ɪŋ saŋ]

Text by *Sir Charles Sedley* (1639-1701) [Br]

Set by *Henry Purcell* (1658/9-1695) [Br], *The Knotting Song*, Z. 371

Hears	not	my	Phillis	how	the	birds
[hɪəz]	nat	maɪ	'fɪl.ɪs	haʊ	ðə	bɜdz]

Their	feather'd	mates	salute?
[ðeɪ]	'fɛð.əd	meɪts	sə.'lu(ju)t]

They tell their passion in their words.
Must I alone, must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies
Without his dart or flame.
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last,
My passion should approve?
Phillis, without a frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he to soothe his fond desire
Might pleasingly explain?...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

